



SiúlTURAS

Walkabout

Ollamh Brían S. Mac Áon Innéirghe
Dámsgoil Neamhádas na hÉirenn

Professor Brian G. Mc Enery

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An Céad Cló 2013

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Ṣaḁ ceart ar cosaint. Ní ceadmáḁ aon cuid den
foilseáḁáin seo a stiúraḁ, a cur i ṣcomáḁ aḁfála
nó a ḁarcur aor aon bealaḁ na slí, bíoḁ sin leictreoinaḁ,
meiciniúil bunaiḁe ar fotocoipeáil, ar ḁaifeadaḁ no eile
ṣan cead a fáil roim ré o ṣealbóir an cóirḁeart.

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Buíocás

Ṭáim buíoc le Miḁael Ó Flaḁarta leis a dearaḁ a
usáid ar clúid mó leabair. Is sin pictúir don Sliab
Maḁa Ré ṣar le loḁ a Dún an áit a tuṣam síde
ríocḁ m'áḁah air. Féidḁear breis eolais faoi
ealáine Miḁael a fáil ón a suíom [http://
michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)

Thanks

I am grateful to Michael Flaherty of the Brandon Gallery for
the use of his design on the cover of my book. It is a painting
of Sliab Maḁa Ré close to loḁ a Dún a place I call the
eternal magical kingdom of my father. You can get more
information of Michael's art from hiw website, [http://
michaelflaherty.net/](http://michaelflaherty.net/)

Don léišteoir

AR lá méan-samhraidh 2013 tosaíodh ar turas ar
fud Ciarraíde, ar feadh deic seachtaine no níos
mó. Buailéas le na cuile daoine agus bí mórán
spraoi eadrainn. Fuairas amac mórán rudáí atá
luaite anseo. Rudáí faoimse féin, faoin buacail
soinneanta, faoi mo clann agus cé hía. Tosaíodh
a scríobh agus is é seo an céad duanaire de
seachtar a scríos ó 3ú lughnasa go dtí 21ú Samhain.

For the Reader

On Midsummers day 2013 I began on a journey around
Kerry, for ten weeks or more. I met with many people and we
had great fun. I found out many things which are mentioned
here. Things about myself, about the innocent boy, about my
family and who they were. I began writing and this is the first
of seven collections written between 3rd August and 21
November.

DRÍAN MAC ÁON INNÉIRŠCE
RÍ SUADH NA BFAIDH

LÁ BREICHLÁ MO MÁČAR MÁIRE
21 SAMHAIN 2013

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Kerry Light

A darkened corner of my soul
Drew breath and energy from life
A living corpse was all I felt
Stuck in single sorrow

Then slowly from my deepest heart
There rose a single thought anew
A gladdening from within myself
A love I shared with you

Who has this voice within
Why does the feeling flow
When love surrounds us all the time
And darkened embers grow

Come down to me you said
Take up your pack and walk
Come down and listen to your heart
Let's pray and see the light

So off I travelled on my way
A nervous faltering step
Shackles carried on my back
Did gradually loosen free

A top a mountain in the mist
I dreamed of knowledge lost
The great tradition I came to view
Cú Rí, Cú Rí, to you

A place of magic in my mind
Where light does shine within my soul
The energy that you gave to me
Fills all the world with splendour

The time it takes to see the light
The time it takes to love
The time to wander through my youth
With messages from above

I thank you Dad for your last words
I thank you for your time
I thank you for the memories
The darkened well to climb

And now returned I feel refreshed
My soul with light anew
A single thought was all it took
A grumbling rumbling love

I love, I love, the whole wide world
My heart is breaking free
But most important was the thought
'I really do love me'

A Spiritual Warrior

A top the mountain of my soul
I gaze with troubling face
A vast and beautiful kingdom
Dissolving modern pace

Slow down, slow down, and come within
You are a hero to the world
We fought great battles on this hill
Echoes rumbling still

Just sing your song and lift your heart
A symbol of great joy
Remember once the tidings
Of a gladdened innocent boy

These mountains you did leave a time
To wander in the world
But now your back with many tales
Sorrowful

I'll wash the grace within your space
And clean your heart anew
So you can lead the human race
To warrior's kingdom true

Kingdom Come

There is a light which lights my soul
A shadow cast by Heaven's glow
Darkened times exposed a place
Where secret joys do flourish

Forgotten for a time of life
No nourishing prayers do flow
But when the road seems endless
I step aside to pray

A simple prayer is all I need
A sweet memory of the boy
Who wandered long in to this life
Looking for Heaven

And now I know that Heaven's light
Can shine again in me
And help me to realise a dream
To live this life a-free

To lead the prisoners from the cave
To give them knowledge to be brave
To hold with grace and joy enslave
And show the way to Heaven's knave

So if your lost do not give up
The time of light has come
The twinkling forest of the night
Will soon reveal a sight

A kingdom crowned with all of truth
Full knowledge all of life
A universal dream being made by man
This time, to God's plan

For we are God's most precious child
Creators of Heaven in the wild
From nothing we can sprout a tree
To grow the fruit to make us free

The time is ripe for such a thing
A kingdom of knowledge to forge a ring
Invincible life to one and all
Beautiful fruits this time will fall

So know that Eden's not a tale
But coming soon to you
And Heaven's not a future place
But our destiny, our human face

Making Camp

Neer thirty years had passed in time
I wandered to this place
Good food for all us passers by
A kindly human face

The school is out but still there is
Great knowledge of the past
With stories from the hill above
It's time to break the fast

For Kerry talk is different
With questions always asked
Where 'r you from, who are you
You settle in to chat

The nature of our being
Does hunger for this life
A country way not lost
A beacon in the strife

Five days I stayed within the grasp
Of my own spiritual home
And wandered high in to the hills
Remembering, I was not alone

For Mum and Dad had met down there
And so began my life
And beauty flourished in my heart
This mountain did it's trick

Two nights of joy I spent up there
Peeling back the years
Fighting through the misty night
Exposing personal tears

For weeping is a way to joy
Once practised not too much
Don't stay up here too long this time
Move on to find the boy

For he still wanders in these hills
His light comes shining through
So then I left with spirits high
And took a lasting view

I will return again some time
And do the deed I planned
Bring healing from this hero's place
And teach to make a stand

T'was here that I began to feel
The courage now to say
That I'm the warrior king
Returned to let you pray

Away, away, I've been so long
Full tired, yet I feel so strong
I thank the people that I met
Kerry welcomes living yet

Ῥίοβαῖρε ἀη Ὅαζδα

Ὅο ἔλῃας ἀηη le fonn
Ceoil
Ὅ'είστεας leat
Τάῖς ἅ ἑῆ
ἕαῶτ is brí
Ὅραοί

Ολλᾶῃ is ea tú
Σαίοῶτ ἅ spréας im éróí
Ὅραοί

Ῥυαῖρεας τρεοῖρ uaic
ἕαζᾶῃ ἡῖος mó
Ceoil is Ὅραοί
Seinnῑ na síde

for Eoin Duignan

Fear Sholuinne

Istigh i Tigh na Cuirte
A buaileas leat
Páidriş mac Páidí mac Ráe an tÁiliúr
le d'éas id éirí
bA breá liom suí
An ceist a cuir tú orm
Caint dúchas eadrainn
Scéaltaí sonraí
Aéas im éirí
Suí

Tachyon Thinking

We think faster than the speed of light
The solidity of nature is but a flight
A fancy made in the mind of man
Not according to Your plan

Within the dream we can awake
A whole new world for us to make
Beyond equations of solid time
Our senses expose a beauty sublime

So delve within and find the truth
The riches of the world to loot
Not taking all, but giving all
This palor of ignorance soon will fall

Computing beyond this realm of life
Occam's razor cuts like a knife
When all is said and done
Blindness be gone

loch a Dún

Up o'er the hill from Kilmore cross
I travel to your story
The stream does make a gushing sound
My heart with memories abound
'Twas long in years, with many tears
Since I did pass this way
But now I'm back, with a heavy sack
And days with you to pray
for my Dad

Síðeríocht m'Àčair

ƧAR ceoil aη sruč A čuas aηη
Istič i čroí m'Àčair
Áit aη scéal is deiriní
A scrí sé roim̃ A d'éas

ƧAR liom A dúirt sé lena A béal
ƧAR liom is éist dom scéal
ƧAR liom istič i uaim̃ do čroí
Is éist liom glór A šní

ƧRÍ lÁ im̃ aonAR bíos aηη
ƧRÍ lÁ le suí is fonn
ƧRÍ lÁ A cuim̃neam̃ AR aη fear
A bí mAR dia dom̃ dom̃ain

Knowledge Lake

Around a lake deep in my heart
Just like a saint I wander
A naked man twelve hours of sun
Glory to God of nature
A way to pray come back to me
My heart is lifting in this place
Wonder fills my face

Then down across the bridge I go
Tis time to travel on
Continue with my pilgrimage
To a source of love I know

My heart is bursting with a joy
Not known since being a boy
I'm on my way, my merry way
Just simply walk and pray

My sack it was not great at all
It ripped and out my gear did fall
For God's sake, time to take a break
And leave this ancient knowledge lake

Back in to where I spent my youth
A town that's lost and become uncouth
What folly did the planners do
Killing the commercial heart of Tralee

No matter, we will build a life
Designed with knowledge
Lost and found
Deep in the heart of Kerry

Winter Milk

With eyes of wonder, looking down
A horse clops softly through the snow
A brown trap laden
A man with a ladle
Fresh milk does smoothly flow

Wide eyed with wonder
My young eyes record
A memory
A time when life was simple
Silent flakes flowing
From the sky

Now, all of this seems lost
As I sit here in the Square
I ponder
The cost of progress
The loss of simplicity

Perhaps nothing has changed
Just my aged perception
Makes it so

The children I see dancing
Around Tralee
Play uncomplicated games
Bubbling with life
Rich with the energy
Of nature's
Most bountiful flow

Flower Girls

Petals grow for you to throw
And proclaim the virgin Queen
Innocence displayed in white
Our lives not yet entwined

Rose petals are a special favourite
Beware of thorns
But that's your choice
Everything in life gives us two

Her son was crowned with thorns
A cruel joke
Yoked like an ox
He carried the cross for us

Let us once again pursue
A path of pure knowledge
Love the earth
And create Heaven

Τελετή Αν Ρί

Αν βρουάκ ηα ηαδαινη
Cois droicead an leamain
Do fuairas loistín don óice
I seomra an-breá
le feiscint an-deá
'S leaba bog corp dom a luí

Αμας dom cun béille
Cun tús leis an féille
I mbialann séipéil a bíos
Ansán don an tairbhe
Caint dúcais san báirne
Á ligint istead na síde

Rí draoí a bíos
le daoine san fíos
Tabaict is stair ár dtír
Óh iséal a bíodas
Sealgaireac go sodas
A ceiliurad Rí Sadair an Sliab

Ansán le dea-focail
Coshaíos dom oscail
An scéal faoi carað m'acaras
A brian an ea sin tú
'S cuimhin liom, fiú
Níor aicníz mé lán le dod féasós

Sin tús don cruinniú
Na daoine á bailiú
Arð Rí is é réid é a teleat
Beic foigne le linn
An blian seo asainn
Tiochaíð do ceiliurad mílaoise

Women's Touch

Ladies light the way of life
A soft smile quickens my heart
I feel alive again under your gaze
The shy boy returned
In the body of a man

But you give me courage
To heal my soul
To dream a wonder into existence
To bring forth true reality

I thank you all for your gaze
I thank you
For being such beautiful creatures
For lifting my heart from sleep

Deep in my heart I know
The time has come to bend
My will to true power
And serve all
Honour all
Love all

for Maria

Tears for a Hero

A drop flows gently from my eye
My heart sunders at his memory
The days we spent digging for lug
Casting far into the deep ocean
Great days of joy long gone now
Our family camped at the back of Rossbeigh
All lost now in this prison Ireland
Rule upon rule thought up by plodders
No dream will be born on this beach
No fruit of silent nights to fuel the imagination
What are we doing to our beautiful island
What are we doing to our beautiful people
Enclosing public space with tangled threads of EU law
Release us from this maw
You give me the courage to stand
And straddle the crack which brings such desolation
The fallacy of democracy which never existed
Except like now for a select and wealthy few
The blinkers of politics robs us of our sight
The chance to truly see and be completely free
The tear runs down my face with joy

ΤΙΡ ΗΔ ΗÓΣ

Síðe ḡaoiċ, síðe ḡaoiċ Δ τελεῖτ dom campΔ
Δ luí ΔR cúL Δη τRÁ
Δ feiċeΔġ leis Δη laċΔir Áġ
Mo ḡaisce é tosú

Dúċríocċt, dúċríocċt Δ spreΔḡad
I ΔġΔġ úR ÁR ΔτίR
'S ceoil ó neΔġ Δ cloisint
le ḡÁire in ÁR ḡcroí

τÁġġ ciúin i lÁR Δη ḡaoiċe
MAR treoir dúinġ τÁ le τελεῖτ
ΔċRú mór ÁR saol
'S maireΔῖτ é ḡΔġ baol

beiċ foiḡin cun é le τελεῖτ
τÁ muid ΔR Δση le céille
Spraoí ÁR ḡcroí ḡo suΔintisí
'S leΔba in Δ luí

High Hill in Wales

Climbing high upon a ridge
I gaze down from aloft
Fear grips my heart at the narrowing sight
The great mountain looms ahead
Ice covered falls gush from atop
Cramponed ice picks bring us in
To the world of winter
Fear dissolves with joy
High up in this fort of snow
A railroad to the top
For gentler folk
Crossing Crib Goch is a challenge
To remember

AR TAOB AN BÉALAÍ

AR béalaí dom ón baile
Tá Ríde nua ceapaithe acu
Buailéas isteach i tíg an sionnach
Sreim le níche d'fáil
Amach ón doras a súig mé
Cuairteoirí a bailiú cuimhniú
Fear an-fear dúcais
Cuir caint orm
Siob seab Saolúinne béarla
Faoin saol
Beirt ar a béalaí féin
Teacht le céille le claidereil
Ráidriú ó leathaoibh
A ainm
Fear laidir cheasta
le suí in a croí

Wherein Lies the Truth

These words are but a poor reflection of intended thoughts
Teasing a meaning spread in time
Continuous phonemes in a line
Linear thinking destroys comprehension
Intended actions never occur in sequence
Meaning grows in the soul from silent impulses
Waves of bliss bubbling to greater expression
Singing the joys of Heaven
Till all resolved we settle again to dream

The King of Freedom

Dreaming deep within his soul
The king rises to his role
To capture from those grimy hands
A beautiful people and beautiful lands
To return again a sense of power
That too much babbling has since turned sour
And lead his people to a better place
With bright eyes shining and smiling face
The dark clouds still have their play
But herald a lighting of the day
The time is nigh
Your ready now to greet me
And together we'll be free

A Good Start

A line, a line, I give to thee
To lift my spirit and fill my soul
You give me impulses in my heart
A bubbling reality

This sense of joy is dear to me
Clarity returns
The veil drops from my eye
My head turns towards truth

The search is over now for me
A long road was my way
Now to teach from deep within
And bring to light your beauty

Calming the Storm

The salmon leaps upon the shore
Giving life to your great love
The players gather in the mist
A storm is brewing, the ship does list
A man of magic calls his girl
And dreams of memory do outward swirl
Then nature's spirit prances forth
A plot is hatched to brek the court
We've led in to a brilliant mind
Compassion of the finest kind
The last great dream of England's bard
A living memory that life's not hard
Emotions gushing on the isle
Bring tears of joy to those that smile
The sea is calmed, the storm has gone
It's time for us to travel on
This journey through our life we make
Meeting friends for Heaven's sake
All trials are but a blessing
A gift to bring forth Your indulgence

for St. John's Mill Theatre Company
in memory of their wonderful performance of The
Tempest at BallyKissane Pier

An bótar naomhac

buaileas mo camp ar maidean álainn
Ar cúl an trá Ros Beíche
Isteac ansin don tíg aisteoirí
Dom dán a scríos aicrí
D'éis cupán tae 's cainte an lae
D'inis doib mo rann
Ansan caidreíl 's buíochas
D'éirigh mé orm treo
A luiḡ so trom mo aonaras
A smaoineamh arn comluadar
An tabaíct a beic mar dream
A breá a beic an craic
Amac ó Tíḡ an Áis
Bí bailiú daoine ann
Fear a déanamh rocháioct
Tar imeall clár ár dtír
Isteac i scothrá eile
Siob seab faoi cuile den saol
Fear eile ar an bealach
An bealach marm féin
D'fhanas ann ar feadh
As éist is insint scéal
As déanamh carad nua
le Ciarán Corcaíoc ón ḡrá
A scairt linn ón ar scéille
Cuas teas ar bótar na sléibhe
Isteac so gleann na Beíche
A cuimneamh ar na daoine
A buaileas leo deanaí
Anois cé bfuil mé aon
Táim cinnte de anois
Tá Dream na hDúchoilreácta bailiú
D'Ár tógra é tosú

A Prayer to Mother Goddess

Oh! Danu my love the queen of my dreams
Your body does follow the flow of the land
Your form is so gentle it captures my soul
And keeps me in Heaven wherever I am

Right now by this lake I'm safe in your arms
With cliffs all about and mist rolling down
The view is of Heaven and Earth both combined
So gentle your grace brings tears to mine eyes

I pray for our people
To learn that they own their own destiny
To learn that they own total knowledge
To learn that they own the right to peace and freedom
To learn that they own the right to true happiness

I pray to thee most illustrious goddess
I pray to thee for the strength to lead
I pray to thee for the knowledge to heal
I pray to thee for my love to grow
To encompass all

Healing Chant

Misty morning and the mountains reverberate
With the cry of a raven
A man emerges from his tent
And begins to chant
His intentions reflect and rebound
A thousand thousand times
Echoing back to the progenitors of his tongue
His clan remembers and are glad
And lift his soul
Then quietly he packs up his tent
Satisfied that the healing will come

Soul Work

To be loved is true
To love yourself is your due
Difficult at times to attain
Because of that stain
We all carry within

Cleaning out the soul
Is a worthy role
A job which takes time
Sometimes innocence to mime
If not attained then pretend

Fool the habit of judgement
Until bliss is Heaven sent
Then it becomes deeply felt
And all sorrows slowly melt
The soul rises in joy

A Call to Change

Egypt in flames and no one cares
Government has become the enemy of their own people
Peckish rogues in polished suites
Rule from above
Looking down they chant and frown
Democracy is dead
People are bled
For profit, by global disorganisers
Divide and conquer, cut out their heart
We're safe with our peckish words
It all started in the laboratory of Ireland's conflict
Let Us take the responsibility to change
And bring peace to the whole world

Looping Journeys

A familiar face stands outside a shop
From Clahane to Killarney our paths diverged
Ken visited Dún Aengus on Aran
I tripped to the Blaskets
Island folk now
Quick words
Then off again
Looping through life

Knowledge Revolution

Within, within, within a faltering world
Conflict bubbles and boils
Contradicting tendencies expressed
The old guard have the power
Traditional means to suppress
Evolution now called revolution
But I sense a change of phase
Consciousness is awakening and spreading it's wings
Sing the praise of s new world
A world of individual sovereignty
A world where shackled domination
Is replaced by the harmony of pure knowledge

A Fool's Day

Atop the mountain on the reek
The grey place was our ascent
Led by a warrior full of local lore
We stayed a little while to survey
From Ireland's highest point
Stories to tell of the invasion
Lines to recite, Amerigin's invocation
Dual language, the old and the new
Then down the ladder back to hell

Dreaming in Heaven

Clarity lives in a dream
Lucidity in the stream of consciousness
Which flows from below
The inner impulse of our soul
Pulsing with knowledge
Vibrating within itself, the joy of Heaven
For we are already in paradise
Although at times it may not feel so
Just new unexpected territory to explore
Uncertainty is always a challenge
But opens the way for our dreams

lÁ Δοναc ηειδίν

βαιλcισί á díol αρ τaοb ηα sráide
Cαpαill, siciní is beičí
Caidréil i measc ηα ηdaoine
Ceoil, caint, crais is baisteac
baisteac trom Ciarraide čeas
Ar ais arís is aičeanras curča orm
I tíς τaδairne ζaelac
Tíς Ó Mačuna
Is doibinne é beič i measc
Daoine dúcasac, ζan árδ ζan íseal
Caint faoi feasós feasa ηa síde

After the Fair

Morning light suffuses multicoloured houses
The fair day is done but people still linger
To chat, to banter, maybe even to barter
Their few belongings
Most have moved on, but I loiter
Another day. a wash day
The weather has cleared, thank God
Yesterday, fair day was a sod
Typical Irish Summer

The talk is about the weather
Foreign accents suppress our natural acceptance
Of life in Kenmare

Gold Foretold

Spreading the light is my role now
Enlivening the spirit of our people
To know, that
Although dark clouds loom
They are tinged with the gold
Of a fresh dawn

Not all can see this gold
Not all believe in this dawn
Preferring to linger in darkness
But for many, a great many
Their vision is clearing
And look forward to
The golden light

Kenmare Gathering

Heading down to Kenmare town
we gathered from afar
A greeting we'd all had before
a chat in Murphy's bar
With talk of fishing, poaching too
we conjured up a stew
Friendships easily made
and faces that we knew

Then deep within our native tongue
 we chanced upon a theme
An island race moved out of place
 Dublin's follied scheme
A book of pictures showed it all
 with happy smiling faces
The magic island of our tongue
 one of God's most beautiful places

'Tis time for food I said to Jim
I must be getting on
I'll fix you up with fish he said
a luck I chance upon
So down along the street we went
into the Ocean Blue
And then I sat and had a chat
a bowl of chowder too

Now off again I'm on my way
 up o'er the Priests Leap
 With fondest memories of Kenmare town
 nuggets for to keep
 The road is long the mountains high
 I'm heading towards the sky
 A beautiful feeling in my heart
 I'm learning how to fly

This journey it is doing it's part
to lift my spirit heal my heart
to be a human being again
to be a real man
to love myself with all my zeal
to hear the bells of Heaven peel

Ṣroí na Síde

Istíṣ im écroí tá solas
laisir coille teo
A ṣáire is a ṣroí liom
Sásta a beic beo

Siṇ toraḏ é dom turas
Siṇ toraḏ é dom cóir
Siṇ toraḏ é dom siúileoid
Siṇ toraḏ é dom saol

Anois aṣ iompár ualać
É trom ać mé le neart
Cuile aṛṇ bealać
Cosán naomá dom

Táim anois a dul cun cuimneam
Is a iascaireact arís
Ar loć na mḃreaca deaṛṣ
An loć le ríde na síde

Iomanaíocht an bÉARA

Čáinig mé isteach inné
Fear siúil le mala mór
'S fuairis loistín iontach ann
Tíghín ar taobh an bočar
Le béille maic is cúpla deoch
Cuir Mícheál aiceantas orm
Fear óh dúiche tosađ mé
Scéaltaí ó dTráiglí

Číos ansan go tíghín eile
A éist le iad a sheinnt
Ceoil óh dúcas is ceoil čar sáile
Ba sam iad a éist
Caint le Séamus čuas an čhoic
Duine de clann an bÉARA
Beartaic mé fanačt anso
Óiche eile scic
Čun feacaint ar an cluiche
Is breá liom iomanaí

Heaven Sent Falls

Tumbling through a furrowed channel
Sound gushes with ease
A thousand thousand years perhaps
Heard lately by man

The water falls from on a height
Bubbling blissfully
To be it must be such a delight
Continuously changing
Continuously the same
Continuously echoing the
 rythms of it's eternal nature

We can dip ourselves in that stream
And dream with it's eternity
And so procure a little bit of Heaven

Trees of Knowledge

The trees surround us with great care
They speak to us within
A message from a distant place
A fluttering heartbeat of love

They echo nature's bounteous gift
God's most wonderous charm
Even in this modern world
They fill us with great joy

Their knowledge of this world they store
For walkers passing through
A sense of peace and harmony
They give to us for free

So get on down the Beara way
And walk a while with us
The peace within you it will grow
Nature's eternal touch

Be Brave my King

Don't create any barriers
My soul whispers to me
As I near my journey's end
I yearn yet to be free

Old habits bond within
And strangle my creation
The desire to lift the crippling yoke
That hampers our great nation

The time is right I say to me
To lead the warrior's way
Have courage in the acts you do
And leadership display

A whole new world awakes in me
Full knowledge's royal road
Our kingdom we can make again
To lead to Heaven's abode

Just talk and let the people hear
The plans you have in store
The time is nigh to celebrate
Ireland's battle love

Up near the royal enclosure
The people talked of you
The man who had the knowledge
Our culture to renew

You heard the powerful echo
Of that most ancient voice
The time is fast approaching
To act, you have no choice

Fear is just a feeling
Designed to make you care
With skill you act from knowledge true
Consequences beyond compare

So rise my king and do your job
Lead your people out
From darkness to the creamy top
Just have a pint of stout

For that's the way in Ireland
We like to have the craic
Let's take the civil servants
And give them all the sack

Magic Light

A wondrous light, an ancient light
It is my dream for thee
Pure light enfolding pure knowledge
Driven by pure energy

On Dunmore head you lit the fire
Your oblation it was heard
It lifted all our spirits
And consciousness it was stirred

To act with truth and beauty
To give them knowledge pure
To grow with such certainty
That Heaven we'll ensure

For knowledge is the key to life
It helps withstand the strife
The entropy that's part of me
Designed to make you see

The laws of nature are benign
They love you all the time
But your perception needs a light
A wondrous brilliant white

So go within and find the source
The source of all you know
Then you will feel extraordinary
With a magical inner glow

Warrior Queen

I dream of thee, I long to see
You as your made by God
Your eyes they sparkle with a smile
My hear you do beguile
With beautiful poise you serve a pint
And light a hidden flame
Such beauty you do carry
With elegance and grace
A confidence I see in thee
A warrior of our race

The Blue Loo

Sitting down to do a bit
Of business on my own
To write a little in my book
With seeds of knowledge sown

I came upon a little spot
A pleasure to behold
A jacks into a pool so blue
NAMA would pursue

Then out the door I went again
Mackrel fished from out the fen
A chat with swallows in my mind
'Tis great to be of human kind

Roman Queen

The light shines in your eyes
A light of Roman knowledge
A simple thing that you bring
A Ciara you are my friend
A feeling grows between us
Respect for our domain
A warrior queen again I meet
And so happy to greet

Heaven Again

Yesterday I was convinced I was in Heaven
Clare hurling past Limerick to an all Ireland final
A few pints and chats
An easy flow
Friendship from the heart
Easily made
A drunken wasp skittering on the floor
Washing away my Beamish
Oh! how simple life can be

Today the last leg of my journey
Up the Coomahola to
Loch na mBreac Dearg
To fish a little
To pray a little
To be in Heaven again

Healing Our Country

The warriors gather in the glen
An ancient sound resounds
They chant with rhythm some healing lines
Invincibility abounds

Out from their midst there comes a man
Hereditary leader of his clan
A proclamation there is made
Echoes whisper in the glade

Full knowledge of this life he gives
With hope and joy this day he starts
Healing souls in all the land
Integrating all our parts

Εἰς Κοῖσιν καὶ ὁμίαν

Ὡς δειμὶν ἱστιῖς ἰ ἀνάμ σλάν
τὰ φοινσε φεῖσα βεο
Ἄιτ ἀ ὁφυῖλ ἀη τεολας
Κοῖσαδ ἐ ἀ κοσκ

λε σὶν ἀ κρυτὺ 'σεο 'νοῖς
ὅα ὁρεᾶ λιὸμ κυρεᾶδ ἀ ἑλβαῖρε
Ὅο λαοῦραὶ δὺκασαὶ ἄρ δτίρ
τὰρ λιὸμ ἱστιῖς καὶ σίδε

τὰρ λιὸμ ὥο δτί ἀη Ἄιτ κίῡν
τὰρ λιὸμ ἀ δέληλην μίῡν
Ἀησαν βειδ μῡιδ ἰη ἀηη ἀ τόιρ
ὁλοσκαδ σίοκᾶν κοίρ

SUAS AN MBÓČAR ARD

Istíġ ARÍS i mBARR AN Ġleann
A siúil ČAR AN ABANN
A čaint e DAOINE Ó NA HÁITE
A čuinneam iAD A BÁITE

MO ČROÍ, MO ČROÍ A BĚUIL COM SAOR
Le eitilt ÉAN NA SPÉIR
MO UALLAČ A BÍ COM TROM
ANOIS A EIRÍ LOM

Le cupÁN TAE ÓN SEAN A SĜOIL
ČUIR FUIINNEAM i MO ČOS
D'EIRÍOS ARÍS DON BOČAR ARD
ČAR BARR COM A ČOLA

Mountain Memory

Again the mountains call my name
It echoes round the hills
And in the darkness of the night
A faint sound forms
I climb out from my bag to go
And listen to it more
When lo behold the sky lights up
With full moon's brightening glow
The darkened clouds are giving way
A single star shines through
The white mare pees out from it's lair
And gladdens my peaceful heart
Then pay respect to her I do
And she thanks me with a smile
Then back in to my tent
I go and sleep the whole night through
From early morn a new day born
A fairy mist comes o'er the hill
And pours from up on high
Then out there peeps a little sun
Promising a fair day
And down I sit to meditate
A thing that's nearly done
'Tis forty years since I first came
To this place with my Dad
And twenty since I last did come
Full up of vedic knowledge
Now as I start to live again
And see the way for sure
I'm glad to come back
Once again
And think of thoughts so pure
For mountains are a healing place
They fill me all with grace
The greatest church that I do love
Sun beams brightening from above
Then off to fish I do prepare
And catch a little trout
You're a keeper I say to him
And cast a look about
This is the place that we did meet
A fierce and violent storm
A memory of our last great trip
A memory of the end of youth

Leaving the Past Behind

You have a very powerfull memory
A man said once to me
My former professor from Galway
He knew me when I was younger
Such a memory can be voracious
It can eat you up
Gobble up your emotions
Continuously sap your physical, mental
and spiritual energy
Meditation helps to resolve it
To integrate the past in to the present
And thus prepare a way for
A brighter future

The Road to Freedom

Now down again from Heaven's glen
I ponder what I've done
The miles I've walked in to my mind
The searching in my heart
The joy at finding the innocent boy
So he can play his part
He's lived it all for fifty years
Storing knowledge between his ears
And now at last the time has come
To share his view at least with some
There are those who know the score
This country's rotten to the core
Politicians play a game
But for who's in power it's all the same
Mouthpieces for civil administrators
Is all they are right now
Suckling on a national sow
Pigs eat their young
Just as the state devours it's own people
'Tis time to stand against this
But using knowledge we can't miss
So if your brave and strong like me
Follow my road and we'll be free

for the Warriors

To Accept a Challenge

Now I face a personal challenge
To believe in myself
To have no fear
To lead with certainty
 in these uncertain times
To know that from which
 all knowledge flows
To open up the garden
 of my mind
To remind us all of
 beauty
The beauty of truth
The beauty of freedom
The beauty of a life
 lived in harmony with nature

CROÍ LÁR NA SÍDE

I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
I SCROÍ LÁR CIARRAÍDE
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
CÚAS ANN LE SUÍ
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
CÁNAS ANN MAR RÍDE
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
SLAOS AR NA SÍDE

CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN
D'FANAS ANN AR FEAD
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN
A CUIMNEAMH AR MO DEAD
CÚAS AS LOC A DÚN
BÍ AN SRÍAN MAR ROČ SA SPÉIR
I SCROÍ LÁR NA SLÉIBTE
SAN PÚCA SAOIČ SAN AÉIR

ANSAN SO GLEANN AN ÁRA
TAOBH CUAID DE CHOC BHEANNÁN
CÍOS AS BÁR AN AILLE
CLOISIS AN CRÓHÁN
I RIČ AN OÍCE DÓRČA
CÚAS AMAČ LE FÁIL
BRAON UISCE Ó AN SRUTHAN
BÍ CITIM ISTIŠ SAN UAIMH

I UAIMH MO CROÍ A BÍOS
ROIH TAISTEAL ANN SAN FÍOS
AN TREO DOM SAOL A ČOŠAD
AC FONN DOM SAISC A ROŠAD
D'ÉIS TRÍ LÁ FANAČT ANN
BHEARTAIŠ MÉ É
LAOČRA DÚČAIS NA HĒRENĐ
A ÁČCRUČÚ DON TÍR

ANSAN DO LEANAS TURAS
AR FUD AN CIARRAÍDE
AS CAONAD DOS NA SÍDE
AS LEANÚINT LE MO SUÍ
ČÁINIŠ SOILSE ZEAL DOM
I LÁR DO MO CROÍ
AS CUIMNEAMH AR MO ČLANN
'S CÓIRÍOCHT AN RÍDE

AMRÁN DO ACADAMH NA SLÉIBTE CIARRAÍDE

Secret Lover

Back again in Skibbereen we chat
I was hoping to meet you
I was yearning
To tell you my news
The fact that I have found
The innocent boy
Within myself he is there
Smiling with joy
Then last night we had such a beautiful chat
True friends
I won't mention your name
But you know
My secret dreams

for my Mystery Cat

On the Road

The beauty of this life you know
You lose your way
Then find it
Strangers on the road
Don't judge you
They tell you of your inner beauty
They like to meet you
To greet you
As a long lost friend
A brother, or sister
On the road to Heaven
So get out there
And do your thing
Travel your own road
Deep happiness it will surely bring

Mountain Grace

As I entered the village under Brandon
I look for the house I stayed in
Thirty nine years before
A lifetime but also
Just a fleeting glimpse

Time itself may have passed
A little older
No more a soldier
Not of the national army
But dreaming of a new army
Dreaming of a warrior
To once again bring Your plan
to fruition

The seeds were sown here
Seeds of knowledge
Nurtured by time
A carefully tended garden
I could now feel in my soul
I was becoming alive again
The darkness was lifting
As I looked up again
At his craggy face
Another great mountain
Full of Heavenly grace

for Mount Brandon

The God Calling from on High

A beautiful place
God's own space
The hostel under Brandon
Sit down and rest
Mary-Anne said to me
Don't be too hard
On yourself
Take life with ease
And the search will cease
Just stay a little while
Next door is a good spot too
Good food, good craic, good chat
'Twas here I met Tom
A man of Brandon
A real West Kerry welcome
Although we just met
We've known each other
For a thousand years
The tears melt from my soul
I feel at home
Under Crom's home

for Mary-Anne and Tom

Oileán Feasa

TAR AMAIC DON oileán
A DABDAIRT Connie liom
NÍOR BFAIC muid é le fada
Beid mé AMAIC DON scéalaíocht
AIC BEARTAIŞ mé TURAS NÍOS LÚ
ÁIC A DIMSIÚ
FÍOS A SÚ

oo Connie

Daily Space

Out the back we daily track
The caves of our whole world
Daily decisions that we must make
Inspiring actions to take
Friends listen and chat
Never, not once, a spat
A virtuous space
A comfortable place
The Paragon of our dreams

for the Morning Philosophers

Knowledge Emerges

The warriors gather in the deep
Woods surround them
A glen lies deep within
Water thunders over the rock
A man emerges from the pool
Knowledge flowing
A stream of knowledge lost
Found again and remade
Recast in modern form
To storm the bastion of ignorance

for Mulinahassigh

God's Delight

A river flows from the source of power
A tower rises in the lake
Knowledge tumbles through the void
Bubbling bliss from nothing
Created with desire
The image of God
Smiling on his creation

Ḑún ηΔ SéΔδ

ḐáηΔΔ Δηη
Ó báR Δη ḐomΔη
Ḑon céΔδ uáir le mo beΔη
Δη cáilín alláin croí zeΔzeáireΔc
Δ bíos posΔδ leí
ΔηsΔη nuáir scair muid óη ΔR sceille
Ḑ'fáηΔΔ Δηη ΔR Ḑcús
le dia zeΔrmáηΔc
FeΔR criouíl le táis suimiúl
Δ cús Δη-spéis ionΔm
Δnois táim tríδ Δη baile sΔη
ΔRη Ḑcreo ΔmΔc Ḑon Cléire
Áit in Δ bfuil
ZeΔoič ηΔ síδe
Δ séide i mo cRoi

oo Corsten

Ἀνὰμ βάν

Ḃíos ċíos i ȝCiARRAíðe ἈR ƒeḂ ḂḂ ḡí
ἈR siúil, ἈR ól is ἈR déἈḡḂ ceoil
Ἀȝ cḂint le ċuile ḂḂoine
ḂḂint τḂiċheḂḂ ἈS ḂḂ ḂḂoine
Ἀnois ἈR bḂḂ Ἀȝ ḂḂ ḡo Ćléire
ƒonn cḂint ƒḂoin ȝḂoluinne déἈḡḂ
τḂ bḂR ḡo ċrói lḂḂ le sprḂoi
τḂ ḡ'ἈḡḂ ḂR ȝeḂ bḂḂ

Searching the Sea

Who've you she smiles up at me
As we scan the sea
Searching for spouts
Signalling the presence of
Dolphins or whales
Unfortunately none appear
To greet and cheer
A young ladies important date
A day for candles to be blown
Seeds of joy sown
Eight lights to glint
In a smiling face

for Freya

A Journey For To Make

From Cape to Cape the birds do fly
Why do they chirp at me
I'm going to miss the sea
But I must wander free
Then on across the ocean
With brightening emotion
I'll travel where the cuckaburrough sings
But I shall not forget
The friends that I have met
On Ciarans island

for Mary-Anne

Holy Island

A morning light did soothe my brow
As I lay back down on Cléire
In again to feed my soul
On Ireland's freedom island

'Tis here I find a human kind
A fellowship of our race
With time to banter, time to chat
And friendliness display

A graceful living 's had out here
With nature all around
A glorious Heaven sent place
A welcome you'll find too

Fiseáin an Faid

Cé hé tú a dábairt bean liom
I ngorc seal an mbaile
'S mise brian an faid ar mé
le solas ionam croí
buaileas leí arís san óice
'S fear i dteannta í
páidriş é an fear sin leí
'S cuir sé caint roimh mé
A féadtar leat a siúil liomsa
So sean áit ear an tír
ba breá liom tairfead déanam leat
A caint faoi fuinneam seal
Ansan so dtí an gleann ríosda
Cuamar an le céille
'S mocháios criúir táis
Na cloca tuaidh loc Reas
'S comartaí an şrian
Soilse teadt istead im croí
Soilse ionam şaois
leiríocht easháiocht an faid

Exposing Truth

Another beauty I do see
A perfect match for me
Graceful with a perfect back
I'd love to get her in the sack

To attack the bankers in their den
I need courage to say when
Expressing emotions deeply felt
Softening my heart my shyness melt

For honesty is a difficult thing
Tuning the bells of truth to ring
With soothing tone the daily chime
My hearts desire expressed in rhyme

Oileáin im Ćróí

Ó ċuailḡ mé aḡḡ i lár aḡ saḡḡraḡḡ
Ćuailḡ mé aḡḡ aḡ áit ḡoḡ spraoí
Ćuailḡ mé aḡḡ i lár aḡ saḡḡraḡḡ
Δ φαḡάċτ leis ḡa síḡe

Ćuas ar siúil ḡo báḡ aḡ oileáin
Ćuas ar siúil aḡ bóċar arḡ
Ćuas ar siúil ḡo báḡ aḡ oileáin
Δ leaḡúinḡ le mo ḡuí

Δḡois aḡaċ taoḡ ċall ḡeḡ taḡḡairḡe
Δḡois aḡaċ aḡ ḡríaḡ sa spéir
Δḡois aḡaċ taoḡ ċall ḡeḡ taḡḡairḡe
Δ ḡoċú ḡrá im ċróí

Ó ċuailḡ mé aḡḡ i lár aḡ saḡḡraḡḡ
Ćuailḡ mé aḡḡ aḡ áit ḡoḡ spraoí
Ćuailḡ mé aḡḡ i lár aḡ saḡḡraḡḡ
Δ φαḡάċτ leis ḡa síḡe

Δḡḡrán to Oileán Ćléire

A Reason for Flight

I just saw the windhover
Soaring majestically
Heading towards the sun
Of a sky blue day

These words may not justify his flight
The ease with which he spreads his wings
A prayer in flight
My soul to delight

Foinse im Ćroí

Δ ζυί, Δ ζυί im lár mo Ćroí
Δ ζυί ..., Δ ζυί ...
Δ mōćú fuinneadh, fuinneadh mín
Na síde ..., na síde ...
Δη aimsir ciúin Δς τελετ dom suí
Δη ζροί ..., Δη ζροί ...
Δnois τάim sάστα beič Δηseo
lá buí ..., lá buí ...
Δη ζrian Δ ταιτneadh suas san spéir
Δm laoiđe ..., Δm laoiđe ...
Foinse feasa aimsiĉ dom
Foinse feasa aimsiĉ dom

Áit Tosú Dord

Τά ηλ μβαν λαοῦ ἃ τελεῖτ ἐν ᾧ
Ὁ δ' αἰχμηστὴς ἰδὼν μετ' ὅν σ' ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Σαοῦννε ἰόντα ἄνθρωπον
Φωνή αὐτοῦ μ' ἀνῆλθεν ὡς ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ
Ἀνοῖς τὰς ὀφθαλμοὺς σου ὡς ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Μὰρ τὰς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἔκρινεν ὡς ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Ὁ δ' αἰχμηστὴς ἰδὼν μετ' ὅν σ' ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Ἄνθρωπος τὸν ποταμὸν ὡς ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Ἄνθρωπος τὸν ποταμὸν ὡς ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη
Ἄνθρωπος τὸν ποταμὸν ὡς ἔκρινεν ἡ μάχη

A Blanket of Knowledge

Around the tables, out the front
Trippers gather to feel
Silence surrounding all our hearts
The peace of our own soul
A man from Cork smiles at me
We share a little chat
A wishing well he gives
A respectful little pat
With words of grace, he takes his place
At our most joyous banquet
And remembers the knowledge we do have
A powerful cosy blanket

Winking Mills

Looking out on to the land
The fog does hide your form
Offensive structures built on high
Hiding our mythology
Why do the build them in such places
Destroying stories and graces
I long to see you rise again
And tell us your old stories
For dreamtime is a way to sing
And knowledge our fathers bring
So dissappear from out my vision
I say to you with much deision
There is no need for you at all
As energy costs will fall
You are a false hope
A new technology it will cope
Derived from knowledge new to you
But one I've found in mental stew
Now you're gone out from my mind
Thank you God, you are so kind

Dul don Ceoil

ĆiAR óh ÐaingeAN cúAS ćall
lá AN teiĆ is bíOS mALL
StOPAS şAiriÐ le fEAR NA şcLOĆ
A fEAĆAINT AR A şAOthAR
NíOR D'fANAS ANH le tAMALL fADA
MAR D'ÉAS A ÐREAĆAR ARH lá roimġ ré
MoĆAíos uAisġneas A teilşead Ó
'S deiriş mé ċun siúil

ÐO líOS ćÍOS AR tAOBġ AN bóĆAR
NoimeAT sos A ċOŞAINT
Ćit mo cAMPa ARH bóĆAR
AĆ níOR rinġhe mé deARMAD

IsteAĆ i CeANġ TRÁ liom ANois
A ċuimġneamġ cúRSA SAġRADġ
Níos mó NA ÐaiĆeAD bliAN roimġ é
NuAIR bíOS ANA óş

ĆÍOS AR CÚL AN trÁ ċUR mé
Mo cAMPa inA luí
Áit le fANACġ óiĆe SAOR
A feiĆeAMġ leis AN ceoil

The War of Computation

It started in the Levant that grey white place
Where he was sent to quell the teeth of snarling dogs of war
He joined a loyal family of soldiers one and all
And donned the blue beret to answer peace's royal call
For peace it is a subtle thing not just an absent war
But life lived fully bursting with energy and law
The laws of nature do contain intelligence beyond compare
From top to bottom our universe to ensnare
While doing his job out in the Leb he began to feel unease
The UN's just a failure politicians to please
While in the East he travelled to one divided island
And saw a city split apart by one partitioned wall
He picked up in a Russian shop a book on quantum physics
And another one on geometry Lobachevsky's grand design
He stayed out there for two whole weeks and with his love did travel
High upon the mountain peaks and to loves most blue lagoon
Then back again to a golden den to a city by the sea
A city then divided by religious factionary
He went at once to where he knew that he would find a friend
Observers on a mission the rules of war to bend
Then off they trotted round the town to denzines of the deep
And drank more beer and chatted their spirits for to keep
For spirits of a soldier are very subtle things
Especially when he is there right in the middle
What actions shall we take right now so as not to make it worse
Far removed from all we learned to develop the situation
How do we act so as to stop a conflict bubbling up
You give us lead with our guns
But bullets will not do
Projectile motion is the start
Of conflicts pure technology
But where's the start of peace's source
What is the source of knowledge
These questions he did ponder while on a little wander
To countries in that area now mostly torn to shreds
Directly South he travelled on incongruence place to see
A suburb of New York by the Sea of Gallilee
Then over that notorious bridge he crossed a sacred river
And down in to the desert go to see the rosy stones aglow
Deep in a gorge he rode a mule and emerged with stunning view
A rock made city in the hills wonder his heart fills
Back again to city large he met an Irish face
With the most beautiful steak he ever ate a pleasure in this place
Then on up North he did go to follow Roman treasure
A legion road bespoke with ancient peasure

On, on, again he went up to a heavily guarded spot
 Missiles pointing upward so to defend the sky
 Another city he did meet a friend he knew from home
 And out they went to walk the street some locals for to greet
 But this was a most frightening place
 And is more fearful now
 With global forces fighting
 A battle for the soul
 Do not be fooled by those that ruled
 They do not have the power
 To solve a conflict situation
 Their knowledge it's gone sour
 He knows
 But that was later
 So back again he came to base
 And did his final stint
 And lead his soldiers on back home
 And pondered
 And pondered
 And pondered
 A month of sick leave was his due
 To rest and heal his soul
 So down to Kerry with a rod
 And fishing he did go
 To fish for bass along the beach is God's most precious gift
 A healing balm, a healthy calm a vision in the mist
 A vision on the beach he saw a truly wetted shirt
 A pair of jugs did he behold
 Emotions stirred he had to hold
 His thoughts to check his mind
 But love did flow a little later from a lady oh! so kind
 Then back to work again he went and pondered his whole trip
 'Tis pointless having peacemakers with weapons in their grip
 It was the time of Greenham Common and nuclear war did loom
 And calls for peace did bound around to lift us from our gloom
 With politicians acting loud and saying that we must change
 He got a book, an accounting, of global suicide
 For that's the end if this starts off
 There's no other tale to tell
 We'll end the world and so regret our role
 Then deeply during all that time
 He thought of something else
 The physics of the quantum state
 The experiments double slit
 If we can change the laws of nature
 By pure intended thought
 Then we can stop a bubbling war
 We train a group of people to live their life so pure

That global peace and harmony for us they will ensure
 He found at last a mission a goal in life to chase
 A reason to be living a member of his race
 To do this job I will pursue all knowledge old and new
 And seek to find a source of peace, to honour our mankind
 For two more years he served and lead a faltering military life
 Questioning the doctrine which causes such a strife
 He always stood alone in this but had to keep it hidden
 For dissention in the officer corps brings attention most unbidden
 But then by circumstance untold events of interest did unfold
 He got a job to plan to become the information strategy man
 But to know and follow his staff duty
 He needed some more knowledge
 To find a mission for the Army a document wherein to defined
 Instead he found a letter
 Dated from his year of birth
 When Hungary lay in ruins
 War was coming
 So the leader of our nation dictated to his people
 Instructions for the preparation of
 War books
 A book for each department
 For each of fifteen seats
 To know what actions for to take
 When iron birds roam the sky
 But in the file he saw in there
 No action did they take
 They did not do their job at all and duty they forsake
 This was a criminal act treason of the highest kind
 And he took off to ponder
 What to do
 Down South of Cork he walked a while
 A beautiful cliff face view
 Seeking in himself
 The energy to act
 For he was scared most all the time
 He had deep thoughts he couldn't mime
 He could not hid emotion with jovial bright motion
 Back home again he did return to face a military band
 But after a while with typical style he was able to make a stand
 His father he did ask him to write down what he felt
 And slowly with a growing strength his anxiousness did melt
 It took a while but there was good
 His love returned to him
 And after dinner late one night
 He asked her to marry
 The clouds still lit the darkened shore
 But somehow life was brighter

Beginning now a life for two
A whole new world to view
Big changes in his life were made
An opportunity arose
From a commandant of engineers a question he did pose
What is your plan to do right now where do you want to go
There is a man that I know well
Just go to him and talk
In to the university he went and had a chat
And lo behold a new page opened simple just like that
Return to academia and study once again
Take up the path of knowledge
In what was a fair good college
His army life was over but still held on reserve
A small pension helped him on his way his savings to conserve
So then began a journey deep in to computation
A science and skill that he developed with most determined will
For six long years he toiled and blew
The cobwebs from his head
And developed notions deep emotions
Of knowledge true and true
But gradually there came a time he questioned all this too
There's something wrong with education it's not working for our nation
The research he did so complete and become a doctor too
Now with a son and father gone he had to turn inside
He pondered once again the role he had elected to do
Then world events did intervene and force him to come clean
I can no longer be part of this computational war
No matter seeming small
For I have made a pladge he said
I pledged to find a way
To use my knowledge for the good of all
Let true peace have its day
To ponder this and other things
He travelled way down west
And stayed a while in the Standing Stone
And found a knowledge bone
A source of knowledge he knew at once
Was intimate to him
A way to go beyond all things
To feelings deep within
Before he took the final first step
He walked upon a hill
He prayed for guidance in his way
Luckily letting God have his say
For God will give us all we need
If we just listen to our heart
Let Him arrange the universe we just do our part

A special day it was for him when he did learn to pray
 The purest form of prayer it is a mantra for to say
 Immediately he entered a realm hidden just below
 Daily considerations light up with softening glow
 His mind it cleared
 Immediately
 And friendliness did grow
 A chat was all it took to know
 That his dad approved
 A message from heaven is a rare and precious thing
 He could hear the angels sing
 So once again a new door opened
 A door to vedic knowledge
 Found in a place way down West Cork
 A place of stone knowledge
 Then some weeks later he had a chance
 To go and see it all
 To meet with experts in the field of conscious computation
 These were people who'd spent much time
 Deep, deep, in meditation
 And yet knew all there was to know of modern computation
 I want the knowledge that they have the realisation dawned
 And so began a new phase a knowledge search was spawned
 The college he did leave within a month or two
 And set upon his research
 With energy unending
 A year or two did then pass by
 When over in England he learned to fly
 He picked upon two little books on national computation
 Two little books which showed the way
 To smile in a mathematical play
 And lift the deadly fear which gives rise to many a tear
 Again he sat and did his sums
 Being seven once again
 And slowly felt the arrogance of academic ignorance thaw
 Some more time passed with study some time with research too
 When once again there was a chance deep knowledge to imbue
 A full moon day does always play a homage to the master
 And once a year it's very clear
 To all who hold him dear
 That we must gather and share the joy
 Light a candle, ring a bell
 And wait for knowledge he will tell
 At such a time it did chime
 And awaken in his soul
 A glowing blissful feeling
 Full armed with this he returned again to his beloved nation
 And sought a way to once again develop computation

With guidance from a special place the chance arose to grow
 And spend some time in life sublime deep with those who know
 A college in the shire of Bedford was such a towering place
 Full of beautiful people a credit to our race
 They worked on visual forms to show
 How knowledge does emerge
 From deep within a field complete
 A diversity to bring
 For all is one and one is all
 That is the truth absolute
 All perceptions reveal God's plan
 For we are God's eyes his most precious toy
 And though diverse opinions there seem to be
 When consciousness is united
 All dissolves into the sea
 Of pure knowledge
 Knowing this
 Knowing a way to resolve the computational war
 He began to move again
 To return and set it up in his own country
 He was also armed with a desire
 To remove the rust from his native tongue
 At the beginning of a new school year intentions were made clear
 To once again arrange a curriculum to change
 The fundamental aspect of basic education
 A radio announcement made clear by its pronouncement
 That an opportunity was brightening the sky
 So after a quick call to a friend with knowledge all
 Right in the city centre he did fly
 A cup of coffee later for he was no debater
 The project Simple Sums it took it's form
 A simple thing to start and he to do his part
 And resolve the current difficulties that arose
 When children do not learn the friends that they can make
 With numbers and the processes of play
 When all is far too serious
 To certain not mysterious
 And boredom sets the smiling lips to frown
 This is the fallacy of modern education
 Engender fear rather than love
 Force the mind rather than encourage it from above
 Convince them that they are wrong
 Rather than enlivening the song of superfluid flow
 Sow the seeds of ignorance
 This is the avowed policy of our Department of Ignorance
 So for six long months he talked to show
 The way arithmetic should go
 Then as arranged he met inspectors two

And presented his perspective on the zoo
 Of numbers and techniques
 The keys to opening bright eyes
 And thus began a battle with forces of conservation
 Ignorance personified in form
 To change was not their way
 Let judgement have its say
 We hold the reigns of power and you we will devour
 So go away and leave us all alone
 But he did hold his fire and from the field retire
 To plan a long term strategy for his force
 For though they numbered few with open minds they knew
 Their energy would flow into the world
 And recreate a state
 Of educational grace
 The technology was there now
 To create electronic books
 And lift ignorance from their looks
 But funding was a problem
 A problem to be resolved
 And so a third member of the team was so encouraged
 A man of business knowledge
 Who could guide and support
 The endeavour to resolve the growing crisis
 It was plain for all to see
 That then current powers that be
 Were completely ignorant of the damage
 They were inflicting on
 Computational education
 Small minds grew weeds in the garden of knowledge
 Aided by those in university college
 The arrogance of academia spread out and multiplied like cancer
 With no apparent cure
 He had it
 But he could only bring a horse to water
 Also at this time another path did chime
 A feeling of great knowledge in his heart
 He began to learn again
 His beloved native tongue
 And quickly did festoon himself with joy
 He developed a technique
 To give a real quick peek
 At physics deepest secrets in a way
 That made a way unique
 To use his native sounds
 And conjure quantum knowledge love abounds
 It opened a new era for exploration and research
 A really new endeavour to explore

He was happy with his progress
And settled in for the long haul
A new millenium was dawning
He worked and talked and demonstrated
Animations from his mind
To create a way to knowledge new of kind
But still the blinkered mind of those who had the power
Turned well intended actions stale and sour
Ego's born of arrogance
Belittled all his efforts
But he had strength of character to endure
He knew there'd come a time when he'd express in rhyme
The thoughts that kept him going in the night
And he would challenge them
Those cowards of knowledge
To come out and so debate the truth of all
A challenge he did issue to academic council
But they hid behind their professorial garb
He fired off a shot just a tiny little barb
And it hit the nail right on it's ugly head
He'd frightened them he knew
To get off their arrogant chairs
To give up their haughty airs
And open themselves up to simplicity
For complexity's just a state
Of a fragmented mind
One that's clearly not in touch with true reality
For underlying it all
Is a simple simple find
A single source of all that knowledge flows
Diverse it may appear
When vision is unclear
But knowledge is the truest source of all
The purest source of knowledge, allows
Simplicity and complexity to co-exist
Unity and diversity to cohabit the same awareness
So on the battle raged
But he did get support
From those who weren't blinkered by their jobs
Opportunities arose, to find a peaceful place,
and talk about his thoughts, with charm and grace
Rare they were at times
But fun was had by all
When he cleared the smoke and pall, of education
Some could clearly see
His bountiful simplicity
The value it would give to one and all
But others chose to hide, in cavern deep and wide

Preferring to ignore his little light
From a great height, he proclaimed his intentions
To banish ignorance once and for all
A job not to tall
For a hero
A true warrior of knowledge
Now he sits alone
Waiting for to start
A plan of action fermented for long time
The challenges that he met did not weaken him
He has renewed his strength
And knows that now's the time to bring it out
The talks of computation and global information
And problems he predicted years before
In a letter to that minister
When Simple Sums began
And he warned of the folly of their plan
For he could see the future
Just like his dad before
Who predicted war to come from out the tunnel
He was a soldier too and knew that it was true
That pure knowledge, pure light, the pure energy
 of tachyon based mental computation
Could unfold the peace of heaven

AR TÓIR DÚDAIREAMHÁIOCT DOGALTA

Ƨosnaiḡ é aḡn lá a cúas don aḡallaḡn
Dalta mar oifigeaċ san airm
Cúir duine de na hoifigí ceist orm
Cén caoi a bfuil spéis aḡat
Eolaíocht
D'freaḡar mé aḡ tabaċt a bí san eolas
Comhceangal idir eolas is aḡ coḡaċ
Forbairt i dtreo aḡáin
Forbairt i dtreo eile
In nasc eadairċa le céile
Ansan nuair a cúas isteaċ san airm
Bíos a leaḡn irisleabhar eolaíochta
A féadaint ar na realt
Dom oidíú faoi na teoiric
Nuaeolaíocht don aimsir san aimsiú
ḡaċ mí a bfuairis cópi do smointí eile
Mo meoin a leaċnú amac ḡo fairsing
A muinead é dom féin
Is a breaċnú aḡ réad
Réad aḡ eolas mór a bí san saol
Ansan do cúas eall do Ollscoil ḡaillín
Is eosaíos dom céim é a déanaḡn
Staidéir deimín is staidéir árċ
le dream de macléinn iontaċ
I mo eannaḡta
Mise le mo cairín is culaíċe eadaíḡ míleata
'S iad le ḡruaíḡ a titim ar a ḡualainn
Do leanaḡ aḡn mar caraċ
Don fad a bíomar aḡn
Aḡ caint faoi aḡ teolas bíomar leaḡn
Aḡ deiread ċíor aḡ cúrsa
Bíos beaḡnaċ im aonaḡ
Aḡ duine bí dlúċ dílis don tóir
San blian ab deiriní
Bí leaċt aḡam im aonaḡ
San maiteamatic fisice is mó
Aċ bainis aḡa taidheanaḡ
As na habhar bí cur romam
Is déiriḡ mé dom céim a baint amac
Ansan d'filleas 'ráis
Don airm é i ḡceart
Cun dualḡas dom daonra é a déanaḡn
Cúas ar báḡ ár dtír
D'fanaḡ aḡn le blian
I dún na nḡall bíos aḡn

Δε δέληαη obair mileata
 Δε cosaint an dtír
 Ó acraηη bí cārt an líne
 blían an spraiúúil le obair criúúil
 Δ cosaint síodcáin an stáit
 Δc bí fonn aham fillead
 Ar ais an tóir
 Eolas a bí istis im croí
 Agus cuais mé teas
 Do shilleam lán le meas
 Beart don blían úr é pleanáil
 le comairle ó m'ollam
 D'fuaras treoir eile
 Staidéir a leanúint san acadam
 Cuas do mbleá Clia c a d'iompais mé ansin
 Cūn tuas a cur le staidéir i trionóide
 Cúrsa taisde shaiscíocht is aireamháiocht le céile
 Is ríomáireacht i dteannta leo
 Ansan do coshaíos an tóir ab cóir dom saol
 An tóir a bí im croí ar faoid mo máireacht
 Óice ionta c anη
 Is mise é le fonn
 Fáisnéis teicneolaíochta é a foshlam
 D'fahas an ar fad óice sin go léir
 I doman eile aic shan don treoir
 Δc leas na leabair
 Agus déiriš é dom spréas
 Fuinneam nua im lár dom anam
 Mocháios mé é
 Agus leanas leis an plé
 Ábair nua deacār
 Dom féin
 Bíos bróid beic anη
 San coláiste sin samall
 Δs léam is a déληαη mór staidéir
 'S déiriš mé dom taisde
 É a criochnú
 Is dreapaδ an cém a bainη amac
 Ar ais arís don airm
 Mar oifigeac taiscead
 D'bainis sult óη tām a bíos
 Lár i Inse Cóir
 Na hóice cuas anη don tabairne
 Ionta c Ó Rían
 Áic a raib mé bailcisí don píob
 Buailéas le mo cārad
 Seandāη ab ainm dó
 'S buailéas leis an cailín a bíos le posad

Is teallach san ullord bíos
 An draíocht tarraingte liom
 Is í a feiceadh cun ár deacht
 Cúin deoch a bualaí linn
 Ar feadh dá bliain d'fhanas ann
 'S spraoí a leiriú lár dom ceann
 A déanamh beagán tuisde
 A déanamh beagán ól
 Ó bhun an gloinne tuisanné
 Spré
 Spriúil eolas criúil
 Ansan do cheas tuas an tír
 Tuas do Dún Dealgan
 Deireadh seachtaine iontach
 le Connie ó Tiobraid Áireann
 Tar amach do deoch
 A daibairt sé linn
 'S muid a fhaicte leis
 Ar deireadh an oíche, oíche iontach
 Bí na síde linn
 Trí oifigeach airm an tír
 Is dá réidh buachaillí
 Ar meis i lár na hóiche
 Shan putá smaoineadh eadarú
 Ansan do bhas ann
 Achrú eile dom saol
 As obair ar an líne
 Arís
 Bíos ann ar feadh dá bliain
 Bliain iontach trína céile
 Áit a múineadh domsa
 An airm beic i sceart
 Cuas ear sáille ón áit sin
 Scéal tá insint dom ríomh
 Agus tíos don mbleá a cuais
 Mé ann do Árd Ceacrú don Airm
 Níor breá liom an áit sin
 Mar bí sé scoilte díreach
 Daoine cainte faoi truaillíocht
 Shan eolas in a ceann
 D'éirigh mé as ar feadh trí lá
 Cum ceann a cur le céile
 I gCion tSáile a bíos ann
 Na haill a cur cun féille
 Ansan ar ais don airm
 Cúin faicte cad a earla
 M'achar insint dom caicfid mé a filleadh
 Ar bórd an treall don mbleá

Δ cuiñneam̃ ΔR mo tóir
D'éiriš fuinneam̃ ionnamsa
Mo bealaç féin
Isteaç ðon áit Δ òsnaíos
Ðon tóir
Tá cuille seo ðen scéalaşam fós
Δsus aicrim é lá éisin
Aç tá puinçe ΔR Δn mbórd Δşam
Δsus caicfið mé imeaçt

Soul Mary

Last night I talked with once again
A lady of much craic
A lady rich with native tongue
With laughter bursting through
I'll walk with you way out west
Dont start to early we need a rest
You're on you way, your own way
A pilgrimage to make
Your soul to remake

for Mary O Leary

Féile Ceiliurad̃ p̃aidí

Toshaíonn é leis An Cuileann
p̃ort a bíos a feiceam̃ leis
blianta a b́ fonn orm é clois
Ansan éios i Tis̃ p̃aidí
b́ sé ann
Ceoil draoictúil na síde
A sú istead̃ im̃ c̃roí
A cur m'annam i suí
lean óice iontad̃ ceoil
Flead̃ p̃aidí

oo p̃aidí Ó Sé

A Simple Session

You'll have a cup of tea
Mark said as I passed
Down the road
Simple talk, greetings
We knew each other
But not well
Then over a cuppa we chatted
Talk of meditation
Talk of Wales
Simple tales of two lives
Then a few poems
Two poets sharing
A simple life

Siúil mo Bótar

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán
Siúil an cosán i dtreo an neamh
Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán
'S mise i dtéanna leat

Teis amac ar bar an fáille
Teis amac is feadaint ar
Teis amac ar bar an fáille
'S cífid tú an dún

Ós do comair beid radairc alainn
Ós do comair an baidín beas
Ós do comair beid radairc alainn
An farraise i sciúin

Siúil mo bótar ar an oileán
Teis amac ar bar an fáille
Ós do comair beid radairc alainn
A feadaint ar an neamh

Amhrán ó Naomh Ciarán

ṪAR Ceann Sléibhe

Amác ó ṡCionn ṪRÁ aṡois
An bóṪAR lán le ṪRÁṪ
An fARRAIGE ciúin ṡan púṪA ṡAOIṪ
Ṫíos ṡo Cuimín Eoil le ṡṡAIṪ ṡṡÁṡ
ṢA ṪONṢṪA LAIDIR A BRISEADṪ
PÁISTÍ A ṡÁIRE leo
Uisce ṡo breÁ beo

ṪUAS aṡsan ṡo Ceann Dún Mór
Ṫine A lASADṪ dom ṡuí
A fEADÁINT AMÁC ARṢ Oileán Mór
Ṫíos ṡo Ṫiṡ KRUGERS
CAINT deoṪ is CAIDEREÍL
ṪeALLAIS óṢ CEANTAR A MAṡADṪ IAD féin
CAINT fAOI veist an ṪOR
ṡeARÁN dos ṢA ṡARDAÍ is IAD A ṡÁIRE fAOI

Óice ciúin is mé im aONAR
Ṫuile immiṪe aṡois
SCAMALL ṪUAS san spéir
A éAINT dom éROÍ
A bṢuillib ṢA síṪe

Food from Heaven

The beauty of truth
Is that it never hides it's face
There is no shame
Nothing is left to chance
It gives us a feeling of certainty
A little bliss felt in the heart
A soft glow of reality
A nurturing impulse of life
A blessed gift to the soul

Oileán DRAOÍ

Ćíos don cailleadh moć eirí
Ćar bār aill cosán aird
Easla faoi a leactadh uaim
Fanaćt leis an mbád

Cleactadh miúin i lár an ciúin
Ćíos faoi bun na cloća
Teact na ndaoine ćíos an cosán
Tuairiseoirí don lá
Ślaoć orm a bfuil tú réid
Fear a buaileas ar i śCeann Trá
Na bac le ticéad a dađairt sé
Ćar liom amac don oileán

Amac ansan ar bār an farraiśe
Amac ó cé Dún Ćaoín
Turas śairid aimsir breá
Mé a filleadh do oileán m'anam

Níos mó na troća blian dom śaol
Ó suileas siar an bóćar ślas
Śaoić śo laidir śéideadh istead
Is cuimhin liom óice draoićtiúil

Τελλαις ηα ζCuairc

Τράχονα δοιβενη αμας όη bpub
βενη uasal α suí α léam ηη ηuacτάν
babós san caráiste faoi focán
Cosnaíomar comrá
Isteac amac beazán siob zeab
Α fear fillte ar ais le babós níos lú
As lúς α bí ηη fear
As loc ζorman ηη τελλαις
Caint α sú eadrainn
Caint breá
lá breá
Cairedeas ηα ζCléire

My Island

I'm back again
A little bit older
Much more travelled
But I'm back
What a story I have to tell you
I've been trying to get here
For quiet a while
I had hoped to bring the book with me
But I'll have to do, I embody the book
An island that likes books
Three very famous came from here
One I listened to, gave me back your language
Now as I walk your hills
You fill me with grammar
You fill me with knowledge
You fill me with the desire
To be me

Davos Silence

At Davos you said what you said
The papers were full of comments
The usual mumbled jumbled grumble
There is no proper commentary anymore
The fourth estate is both deaf and dumb
Articulating ideas designed to sell advertising
No-one noticed the reverend mother from Denmark
Oh! you will do as your told
I'm the president of the European Union
I pointed my finger at the uTube box
We got rid of ye once before
We'll do it again
Maybe the year after next
When we'll celebrate the one
 thousanth anniversary
That Ireland was last succesfully
 defended from invasion

Rabbiting On

The minister appears on the box
Articulating a position prepared
By a civil flunky
Ok! we will find a way to make
 everyone pay
For free speech
Well minister you should know, that
Freedom of speech is guaranteed
Under our constitution
And may not be curtailed
More so, freedom of expression
That freedom is my personal property
And you want to privatise it
Give it away to private corporations
To pay for their mismanagement
You are supposed to represent
The people of this nation
If you can't
Go away and get yourself a
 proper job

Ταῖςδε Δεῖμιν

Δ'εἰρις μέ ἀσ ἀη αἶρμ
λε φονη ὀρμ αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ λεινύιντ
ἅα εὐιδ' ὁμ' ἐροί' ἐ
ἀ βῆιντ σπραιοί' ἀσ
ἀς ἰμῖρτ' ἰομ' ἡεοῖν
ἔσσηαῖος ἀ δέληαμ' ταῖςδε
φαοί' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ εὐρ' ἰ βφεῖδμ
ἡυαῖσεαὲτ' ἀη ἡιolla
ἅα ταβταὲτ' ἐ ἰ βφορβαρτ' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἡςῖσε
Δ'εἰριος μαρ σῆνεολαί' κομ' αἰρεῖται ὅττ' ἀ
ἄβαρ σπεῖσιυῖλ, ἄβαρ μῖν, ἄβαρ ἡρῖν
Δ'εἰς σέ μῖ' ἐς εὐρεαδ' ὁμ'
λεινύιντ' ἡο δ'τί' εἰμ' ἡῖος αἶρδε
ἅἰ ἀη βεalla εὐῖς σῖν' εὐῖς ἰς ἡαῖρσῖν
βεalla εὐο δειμῖν ἰστις ἡο ἡεοῖν
ἡα ἡαταὲ ἀ ἐλῆαῖς ροῖμῖς
ὀῖε αἡῖν ἐαῖλα ρυδ' ὁραοῖυῖλ' ὁμ'
ἅἰ ἐλαρ ροῖαἰρεαὲτ' ἀ ρῖε
ἀςυς βῖ ὀρμ' ἡεῖεαμ' ἡοῖμεατ' αἡῖν
ὁος ἡα τορῆαί
ἅἰ σῖαδ' ἀ τεαὲτ' ἀμαὲ ἡο ἡαλλ
ἡοῖμεατ' ἡν δῖαδ' ἡοῖμεατ'
Δ'ἡανας ἀη ἀρ' ἡεαδ' υαῖρ
ἀ ἡεαῖντ' ἀρ' ἡα τορῆαί
Δ'εἰς ταἡαλλ' βῖος ἡν ἀη
ἡα ἡυῖμῖρεαῖα ἀ ἡεαῖντ'
ἡμ' ἡεοῖν ροῖμ' ῖε
ἅῖος ἰστις ἰ ἐλαρ ταῖβσεαἰοὲτ'
ἀη ἡεαλλ' ρῖοῖαἰρεαὲτ' ἀ
ἅα ἰονταὲ ἀη ἡοεὐ' ἡμ' ἐροί' φαοί'
ἐαῖλα ρυδ' εἰλε ἡρεῖσῖν
ἅῖος ἀς ὀβαρ ἡο δῖαν ἀρ' ἄβαρ δεαῖαρ
ἀρ' ἡεαδ' σέ μῖ' ἡῖ ραβας ἡν ἀη
ἀον φορβαρτ'
ἀησαν ἐλῖνῖς ἐ ὁμ'
ἀη βεαλαὲ ἀβ' ἡεαῖρ ἀ ἐσῖαῖντ'
εὐαῖρ' βῖεαῖρ' ἐαῖρ' ἀη δεαῖεαὲτ'
σαῖςεας σολας ἀ ἐαῖλα ἡμ' ἡεοῖν
λεῖς ἐλῖνῖς ἀη σοῖλεῖρεαὲτ', ἡο ραῖβ
εὐῖλε σῖν' ῖεαδ'
εὐρεαῖε ἀς ἡαοῖς
Δ'αῖεῖνς μέ μεον' Δέ
εῖρῖ ταῖςδε δειμῖν εολαῖοὲτ' ἀ
ἅα ἰονταὲ ἡα λαεῖαῖτα σῖν
ἡρεῖσῖν βῖος ἀ ἡυῖνεαδ'

Cúrsa le haghaidh macleinn
 inealltóireacht is eolaíocht
 Maslam uimhíocht, fisic, is
 aireamhíocht
 D'aicníos go raib locht mór san scorás
 oideachais
 D'éis níos mó na cúig blian déas
 Ní raib na macleinn in ann
 A meoin a usáid, ac i dtreo ann díreac
 Bíodar meirgeac
 San féidireacht comartaí nua a glacad
 Bí easla orcu saisc a déanamh
 nac raib i sceart
 Ac níl don cirt ann
 Níl don mícirt
 Níl ac féidireacht
 Macaire na huile féidireachtaí
 Sin atá a stiúir an cruinne
 Sin atá mar rí don réad
 Ó sin a tashann léiríocht easníocta
 Freisin is tabtacht na bfoail
 A usáidtear chun ceapanna a coinnib
 Níl don rud nua sa saol
 Tá sac ní torad de fream éigin
 Fream saois na cruinne
 Bliann bíos a leam leabhar ionta
 Faoi líneoireacht ó taob deis den intinn
 D'aimsigh mé nasc idir ríocht diultac
 Is
 Easpa cirt san mod uimhíocta
 Ba ar an nasc sin an leact ab fearr uaim
 Čáiniš é om croí féin čáiniš é om anam
 Bí an seomra a biomar ann lán le ciúin
 Močaios surb sin an slí eolas a lasad
 i croí daltaí
 Ní hé le sac rud a cur leo go díreac
 Čaičfiðmuid dúil a cur leo
 a dtreo féin a glacad
 Ar an cosán ar ais
 go dtí mo seomra féin
 Bí ainseal a damsa ar deis m'intinn
 A siúil čart bear an coláiste
 Čáiniš diaibail istiš orm clé
 Bí troid eacartu
 Níor buaidh ceann dóib,
 níor šortaiod iad
 Ac dob sin fream an beallac a čogas
 ina diađ

Ár ais im oifis bí sé soiléir domsa
 So raib an oideachais á teipeadh na scoilearaí
 Ó bun go barr
 Bí locht ann
 Ní raib an freagra a sham ansan
 Ac éainiú é liom tar éis an tóir a leanúint
 Istiú im croí tá foinse feasa
 Tobar na haillise
 Áit teibí, taibí, draoiú
 Conas treoir a chosaint do daoine
 óige sin a aimsiú id féin
 Sin an ceist a bios á plé
 Cuireas deireadh liom taighe
 Agus déiriú mé as an ollscoil
 Ní rabhadar réid éist liom
 Bí na macleinn ac ní raib an foireann
 Ar deireadh tíar éall caitefid muid go léir
 ár mbeallac féin a glacadh
 Tadmuid i ár lonar sa saol
 len ár dreacht féin
 len ár moctú féin
 len ár smaintí féin
 Sin an domhan pearsanta
 Freisin tá domhan eile
 Domhan uilioc a féidtir linn roinnt
 Agus is cun slí sin a fáil a cuas
 Fuair eas an céad eocar d'sin san Caisc
 Fios mín d'éis fisean a feachaint
 Eolaí a chaint faoi an teorric is deiríní sa bhfisic
 An coirgeol idir na coirgeachí teibí a usáidtear cun
 Meoin an cruachóir a tuiscint
 Agus na daicead cáil dúchaois
 Caitinneas mar a deirim anois
 leann an tóir sin fíche blian
 Agus scéal iontao é
 Iomráin seol go croílár eolas
 trí saioct
 Saioct na veidí as an Inb
 Saioct na heolaí nua-aimsearach
 'S saioct ár ndúchais féin
 leannfaid mé leis d'éis mo dhéar
 Caitefid mé greim bia a cur im bolg
 'S siúil beas dom cos

Ταΐςδε ι 5Cαϊτεαννας

Roimis dom ealú as an ollscoil
Aςus mo bealaς fέin a 5lacað
Ćarla cúpla íontaς speisiúil
San ollscoil bí duine de
 na comarsan bí aςam
As an ðreacan ðis ó dúcas
Đabairt sé liom bfeídir
 blian 5o leiς roim mé ealú
5o raib feíðireact an
Mise dul 5o dtí cruinniú éisin eoláí
Aςus 5o 5eobaíð mé deontas ón 5colláiste roime
Ćuas ar an ríomáire aς lorg 5aisnéis
Aςus 5uaireas amac 5o raib
Cruinniú eoláí le beic san Eilbéis
 i riς an samrad a bí le teact
Đob é cúrsa samrad i 5comair
Eoláí 5isice comaireamáiocta é
Ćuas 5o dtí lausanne aςus ansan
 suas na sléibte 5o dtí tearmann
Bí eoláí as cuile áit san Eorpaς
Aςus beirt as na Stataí Donaiςe
Bí an spóir aςainn á plé i riς an lae
San oice bí an spóirt aςainn
 a déanam caint
 le cabair ó bfíonn Đé
Buailas le dream as an
 isealtír, on príom caćair
D'éirimuid an cairdiúil
Freisin bí fear iontaς ón bfíonlann
Đabairt sé 5ur léis sé na nuactáin 5ac lá
Bí sé aς obair i áit an teibí san bfisic
Aςus 5ur tabact 5an é fέin a cailleað an
Is breá cuimheadh faoid
lá amáin i riς caife bíos i 5comrá
 le eoláí ón Đainheadς
Saineoláí aimsearća ab é
I riς ár 5comrá đabairt sé liom
 5o raib fonn aise anord a cloisint
leanam ar aςaið leis ár 5comrá
Óice eile bíos amac ar 5cúl
 an foirgneam a caint
 le dream eile
Ćosnaios a caint faoin acranh i ár dtír
 aςus 5o raib muid a lorg
 cabair é a reiciú

Dob í bean as Sasanna an t-aon duine
 a cuis cad bí á rá ašam
 Ní raib suim as na daoine eile Eorpac faoi
 Agus níl suim acu fós ann
 Ar mo slí abaille d'fanas
 óice amháin i Lausanne
 Fuaireas lóistín don óice i oclann beas
 Agus cuas amac do béill ó Meicico
 béille iontaç a cur spraoí im croí
 D'filleas ar ais dom lóistín
 agus rinneas iarraçt dul a colað
 Bí m'intinn lán le smaointí
 Bí é spreasça d'éis an cruinniú
 Cosnaíos a scríob agus
 i riç an óice
 scríos dá céad leaçnac
 i leabharann a bí ašam
 Nuair a cáiniš mé ar ais go Corcais
 cuireas an leabharann i scófra im oifis
 Bí é ann ar feað trí mí
 Lá bios a suí as an mbórd
 Agus caic mé an leabharann istis
 san bosca truailleac bí ašam
 Dabairc mé liom féin go raib
 an méid smaointí ansin
 nac mbeid mé in ann
 iad a cur i scríç
 da mbéad
 saol míle blian ašam.

Tá mé taréis an-caint le Meadb Dhanríon na sConnac agus bí sí a cur ceist orm
 faoi na níçe a bios a scríob faoi i riç an lae. Tá sé as eirí beasán dorcað anois cun
 beic scríob dá brí caicfid mé briseað anseo agus leaníuint arís le solas an lae.

Roim sin nuair a caic mé an leabharann uaim, cáiniš féileçáin im croí agus cuimneas
 ar dúil an eolaí ón Dainmearš agus bí mór cuiscint ašam faoi. Ba sin slí cun leiriú a
 déanam ar ríoc iolcomas, na criçir acur le céille i bfuaim amháin. Dabairc mé liom
 féin surb sin treo nua cun caisde 's forbairc a déanam mar níor rabas sasta beic
 páirteac san caisde a bí a déanam ašam. Bí baint aise le fórsaí mileata na Stáití
 Aontaiçe agus ceapas go mbriseann obar mar sin neodraçt ár dtír.

leanfaid mé ar ašaid leis mo scéal níos deanaí.

I riç an blian in a diað çarla ruð eile suimiúil dom. Sin lá amháin bios á déanam leaçt
 ar ruð éigin dos na micléinn eolaí is inealltóirí, dearas ciorcail an clárduð le cailc
 bān, cuireas ponc díreac in a lár agus le sin çualas orn scúl, suç éigin, 'you know
 notin.' Ceapas ar dtús surb duine de na micléinn a dabairc é ac ní raib dreacç
 sáireac ar éinne. Dob mé féin a bí a caint liom féin é. D'aitniš mé an firreanas. Ní

raib mé ac as imirt an cleas a bí á déanamh as sacl duine san scóras. As léam rud i leabhair, a cur faoi bráid é dos na daltaí, iad a scrí síos é ina leabaireann agus a scrí ar ais é sna teastas. Bíomar go léir seallta. Čaill mé go léir creideamh san oideachais agus beartaísh mé eirí as. Bí orm slí a d'fáil cun mo taighde féin a déanamh agus i rič sáoire na Cásca cuas síos cun Scoil Múire i Iarthar Corcaí cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh ar mo smaointí faoi usáid fuaimeanna san eolaíocht cun leiriú gluaiseacht a aimsiú. Bí sé an-léir dom go raib meoin an eolaí an tabačt mar caičfiđ é beič oillte i slí nua. Čuas síos go dtí Sgoil Múire mar ba breá liom ainm an lóistín, sin i mBéarla, *The Standing Stone*. Do čiomáin páidrišín síos mé agus cur an bean a tí failtiú romam. Čur sí ceist orm cad ina čaob a raib mé ann. D'freašar mé surb cun roinnt scríobhneoireacht a déanamh. 'An scríobhneoir čú.' a dabairt sí liom. 'Ní hea,' arsa mise, 'is eolaí mé.' Ba sin tosú činn de na cairreadas is tabačtaí im šaol.

Čáim le brisead eile a čosaínt mar čáim i bpub čár éis cúpla agus ní breá liom scríob d'éis portar. Čá sé in am beašán Šiob Šeab a déanamh.

I rič an seachtain sin bí morán comrá ašam le Mair agus ba é sin an suimiúil faoi ná níor čuiš mé as an am cén fač go raib an méid eolas aici faoi físic nua-aimsearča. Bí sí in ann caint liom faoi na h-abar a bíos a déanamh staidéir iontú. Arh Deirdean den seachtaine dabairt sí liom go mbreá leí fisean a čaispeant dom le eolaí físice ón staití dončaithe. D'éis an fisean čuiš mé surb múinteoir corás miúin í. Ar an aoine cuas ar siúil čar sliab šabriel á plé liom féin an eolas a bfuair mé ó Mair. Ar deiread čiar čall dabairt mé liom féin surb é an firreanas is mó sa cruinne nó an breas is mó sa cruinne agus go scaičfiđ mé fáil amac cé hé. Síos ón slíab dabairt mé le Mair surb maič liom an corás miúin a fošlam, ac nač raib mo dočan airšead ašam. Dabairt si nač raib don faidb le sin agus go mbeuimid in ann sin a reičiú níos deanaí. Dúirt sí go raib céimeanna san móđ múinead, sin caint beaš ar dtús, in a diađ sin má raib mé sásca leaniúint leis, an muinead féin agus d'éis trí lá caint beaš eile cun a fáil amac go raib mé sásca le cleactad an miúin. Rinne sí an céad caint ar an Sačarn, ní cuimean mé é ac bíos lán sásca leaniúint. Čuas suas cun an sráid baile le hašaiđ torčaí is blača a fáil i scoimar an muinead. Ar maidin Domhnač na Cáisc miúin Mair cleactad a miúin dom díreac as haon a cloš san maidin is muid a feáčaint amac fuinneos a tís amac go Oileáin Čléire. Čuas istead díreac iomam féin agus ba an soiléir dom surb fíos an speisiúil é. Cúpla lá indiađ scríos dān leí. Čá sé caillte anois ac ar deiread de bí na línte

On opening the door I stepped through infinity
You showed me that first step

Bain sí móran sult as mar dabairt sí liom go raib a deařar ina file freisin. D'fanas i Sgoil Múire ar fead cúpla lá eile, ansan d'filleas ar ais don cačar cun cuairt a tabairt dom máčar a bí san oispedeal. Bí an caint ašainn faoi morán rudaí agus d'inis mé leí go raib mé čar éis miúin a fošlam. Ansan čuaiš mé ar ais go Sgoil Múire le cúpla lá eile. I rič dā mí ina diađ bíos suas agus síos don seans a raib ašam. Bí morán caint á déanamh ašam le Searlas, fear céille Mair, agus bí an scéalta aise faoi a obair mar oifeašac faisnéasac i airm na Breatainn i rič an dara cošad domhnda. Ba é an duine a rinne nasc idir Ho Či Min agus na Francač,

ašus bí an brón air faoi cad a čarla in a diađ. B́i mé céad faoin scéad so raib mé cun an ollscoil a řařail san Méan řomair ac ní raib don post řaiřte ařam řós. řuaires cuiread blian eile řanačt an ac ní raib siad an airřeac a bi coillteanač do a íoc. Diultaiř mé an cuiread.

Roimis an Méan řomair bí seans íontač eile ařam téiř níos deimne isteač san foinse eolas ó na hInd. řuaires litir ó Mair le řaisnéis faoi cruinniú eolái le beič i Maastricht san iseałtír a raib saineolái i Aireamáočt Veideac is Aireamáočt Nua-aimsearčta le beič an. Beartas dul an ařus řuaires deontas ón coláiste cun é a déanam. Roim sin buaileas le Cíarán Breacnac carad le Mair a bí á cleactađ mídeamain řreisín. řabairt sé liom so raib carad aise san iseałtír ó Éire a bí an řađ téarmač ařus ba céart liom buail leis má raib seans ařam. lá roim an cruinniú ceart buaileas isteač an bóčar so đtí Vlodrop an áit a raib mar ceannceatrú do řluaiseac an córas mídeamain. řuaires iompar ó fear i řluaisteain ařus bí sé dom ceistiú an raib mé a obar san ceannceatrú. řabairt mé nac raib mé, ac ar cuairt ó Éireann. řuaileas le Máirtín ařus bí seans ařainne siúleoid tríd an řortán ařus caint breá. řuair mé amac so raib sé obar lán téarmač an.

An lá d'ár diađ čosnaiř an cruinniú i řceart ařus ba íontač na daoine a bí a caint is a éist. řuaileas le fear as an Ind, carad le Máirtín a bí cun cuaram a čabairt dom, má raib don céist ařam. řreisín bí seans ařam lón a níche le Ollam Comaireamáočta ó ollscoil sna Stáití Aontaiče a bí a cleactađ mídeamain mar cuíd den córas oideacais. B́i beirt cainteoir ón řearmáin a bí an suimiúil. řabairt mé liom řéin nac raib me cinnte cad é a raib acu, ac so raib mé cinnte so mbreá liom é a řail. Ar mo turas abaile bí seans ařam buail arís le na eolái ó óllscoil na hAmsterdam a buaileas leo sna hÉilbéis. bí an caint ařainne ařus bí spéis acu im taiřde le hařaiđ řuaim a usáid cun tomais eoláočta a čuiscint i slí eile. ř'filleas a ais ařus rinne mé ullumú cun an coláiste a řařail. Ní raib mé ró řásta leis sin a déanam mar ba sin an céad uair le naoi blían déas nac raib obar ařam ó d'řařas mo teallaiř cun dul isteač san airm.

Čá mé cun brisead arís mar čá mo carabat anseo cun mé a čosaint isteač so Sciobairín.

Istiř anois im coláiste eolais táim cun leaniúint le mo scéal. B́i é beařán deacar an céad blian a bíos řan post san coláiste. leanas lem taiřde ar conas řuaim a usáid san eoláočt. B́i é léir dom os řcaičfiđ dearcađ nua a cručú san cóisearačt, dearcađ řluaiseac. B́i an carad a bí san ollscoil ařus deineamar roinnt maič comrá faoi. Ansan i rič an Samrađ in diađ řuaires seans beič mar taiřdeoir cúairtíočta i roinn difriúil san coláiste. Rinne mé taiřde ar conas řuaim d'usáid cun tuisceannač nua a čručú i b́fisic cémeideac. leanas leis an taiřde sin i rič an řeimreac ařus an blían ina diađ bí cruinniú saineolái comaireamáočta le beič san coláiste. řuaires cabair ón řcoláiste taiřde san córas ríomaireacata Mathematica. B́ios a caint faoi usáid a baint as řuaim cun dearcađ nua a cruču ar tollánu cémeideac. Čarla an cruinniú sin i rič am nuair a bíos a rič don řáil don céad uair. Čuir leas uačtaráin morán řáilteíu orm romam roim čosú. Ba sin an č-am ab deireannaí a čur řáilte orm san coláiste. Níos lú san blian rinneas cúrsa eile san miúin cun ard móđ a řořlam. B́i sin i b́řađ níos deimne. B́i é slí an ciúin istiř a

gluaiseadh agus forbairt oillteanas cumhachtaí na cruinne. Ba íontach an cúrsa sin. Nuair a bhíodh éall i Sasana don cuid deireadh den cúrsa le haghaidh eitleadh véideach conaic mé dá leabhair ar uimhriocht a bhí á usáid i scoil náisiúnta san Ind. Pushpmala I agus Pushpmala III a bhí scríobtha as an Doctúir Navinder Puree as Ollscoil Roorkee . Rud nua le cur isteach im mál. Freisin le roinnt bliain do léigearas gach leabhar a bhí scríobtha faoi teoiric agus cleachtadh mídeamhain agus an saol a bhí idir eoláiocht véideach agus eoláiocht nua-aimseartha.

Bríán Sioirrise Máirtín Aongáise Fíoraileasa Cúroí Laoicroíde
Moš Roč Rámác
Ollam Éalada Dúcais
Ollam Éalada Dúcaireamáoct Dočalta
Ollam Éalada Easrú Fícéille
Ollam Éalada Neamácáis
Ceannasaí Dream na nDútoilreácta
Ceannaire Laoíra Dúcais Eolais na hÉrend
Árd Stiúrtoir Ionad Sláiniú Formola
Príom Óide Dámhsoil Neamácáis na hÉrend
Rí Suaid na bFaíð
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DRÍAN RÍDE DAONRACT NA hÉRENÐ